

MR. BONAR LAW UNDERGOES OPERATION ON THROAT

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

TASK OF FINDING MR. BONAR LAW'S SUCCESSOR



Lord Curzon, who may become Prime Minister, with Lady Curzon.



Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes, son-in-law and daughter of Mr. Bonar Law, arriving yesterday at his house, where an operation was performed.



Dr. W. Douglas Harmer, the well-known specialist, leaving Onslow-gardens after the operation on Mr. Law's throat yesterday.



A studio portrait of the Marchioness Curzon, wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs.



Mr. Stanley Baldwin with his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Howard, at Chequers. Inset is Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.



The Countess of Derby, wife of the Minister for War who has a strong popular following particularly in the North.



The Earl of Derby, Secretary of State for War, who is also mentioned as likely to be the new Premier.

The choice of a Premier in succession to Mr. Bonar Law, whom illness has compelled to resign, was a subject of lively discussion yesterday in circles interested in politics. Though several of the Cabinet Ministers are still absent in the country, arrangements for convening a general meeting of the Conservative Party have been under consideration by

the principal party organisers. Political opinion inclines towards the selection as Premier of Lord Curzon, the present leader of the House of Lords, Lord Derby or Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin, in any case, will probably continue to act as leader of the House of Commons.

SUN REAPPEARS FOR BANK HOLIDAY.

Weather Truce Tempts Huge Army to Seaside.

MORE RECORDS!

Two Million Excursionists from London Termini.

Although Whitsun weather was in doubt for a week, it did not stop a record rush to the seaside and country.

It was a Bank Holiday with a mixed climate. The sun strove valiantly to conquer and managed to keep rain away. Because it was at least fine, the open-air enjoyments of the festival were not spoilt.

Besides the battalions who went to the sea, thousands more spent the day at inland resorts.

It was estimated that from the London stations alone two million excursionists were dispached, and there were unprecedented scenes during the early rush.

LONDON AT PLAY.

Grown-Ups Join Children in Sharing Joys of Pleasure Grounds.

All the London termini were besieged, cheap day excursions proving an irresistible lure.

At Waterloo, now one of London's biggest stations, the congestion of holiday-makers was remarkable. Even the earliest trains running were crowded to suffocation, and towards mid-day the iron gates leading to the platforms had to be guarded by an extra number of officials.

It was children's day in and around London. They monopolised the parks and the open spaces. Hampstead Heath, Epping Forest, Kew Gardens, the Zoo—all the popular playgrounds rang with their merry laughter.

In more sedate fashion, the stay-at-home grown-ups shared their fun. They were reinforced by the usual "provincials" on sightseeing bent, and the indoor show places drew huge crowds.

WHERE THEY WENT.

Some of the turnstile statistics were:

Alexandra Palace	62,000
Zoo	53,720
Crystal Palace	45,000
Hampstead Court	30,000
National Gallery	7,375
British Museum	7,185
Victoria and Albert Museum	6,509
Science Museum	5,942
Portsmouth	2,955
Wallace Collection	880

Sport figured largely in the day's programme. Horse Park races, motor contests at Brooklands, county cricket at Lord's and Leyton, and athletics at Stamford Bridge were an irresistible attraction.

Tennis players thronged the courts at Cleethorpes yesterday during a sudden squall. The nine occupants, who were excursionists from the Nottingham district, were thrown into the sea.

Small boats were launched from the beach, and the women were got on board. Mrs. Mary Ann Ford, of 15, Nagshead-yard, Mansfield, died shortly after being picked up.

With her was her daughter. One woman was taken to hospital.

Paddlers Drowned.—While paddling in the sea at Seaton Carew, near West Hartlepool, two little boys were caught by the tide and drowned. They were Edward Norton and Arthur Calister, both eleven years of age, and they lived in Egerton-street, Middlesbrough.

REVELRY ON SANDS.

Trippers' Open-Air Carnival at Most of the Chief Resorts.

Seaside revelry is pictured in appended mes-sages from leading resorts.

Scarborough.—First big trippers' day of the season. Before breakfast until noon there was a continuous influx from Leeds, Hull, Halifax, York, Bradford, Chesterfield, Darlington and other industrial towns.

Blackpool.—Bright and sunny. Nearly fifty excursions arrived and a large fleet of motor-coaches. Outdoor amusements, the three piers, the sands and pleasure beach attracted large crowds.

Thanet.—Tens of thousands of visitors spent a happy time in the open. Trips by bus, fishing and golf found many devotees and the sands were crowded. Indoor entertainments—particularly dances—have never done such big business at Whitsuntide. Fifty-two additional trains arrived.

Bournemouth.—Over 15,000 excursionists arrived at Bournemouth by train and large numbers by motor-coach. The sands were crowded all day. There was little bathing, but pleasure craft did good business.

Brighton.—The most disappointing Bank Holiday ever known. Not until evening, when people were making their way homewards, did the sun break through. Nevertheless, in furs, overcoats and macintoshes they thronged piers and promenades, while theatres and cinemas did a roaring trade. One hotel served baked chestnuts at luncheon!

LORD ROSEBERY "A CRIPPLE"

"If anything could raise a cripple like myself, it would be the tercentenary of George Heriot," wrote Lord Rosebery, declining an invitation to attend the Old Herioters' reunion at Edinburgh.

George Heriot (1563-1623), a Scottish goldsmith, founded Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

ICEBERG WRECKS.

One Ship Sunk and Another Damaged in Atlantic.

SUBMERGED PERIL.

One ship has been sunk and another badly damaged after colliding with icebergs in the Atlantic.

The ship which was sunk is the British schooner *Marcella*. She went down off Louisburg, U.S.

The freighter *Oxonian*, sailing from Montreal for Birkenhead, collided with a submerged iceberg, presumably an iceberg, off the Newfoundland coast, says an Exchange Halifax telegram.

She received damage to the bows, and holds 1 and 2 are reported to be leaking. She is heading for St. John's.

HINTS TO BOLSHEVISTS.

"Live in Russia—and You Will Be Glad to Get Out of It," Says Skipper.

"If anyone in this country," said Skipper Neilson, of the trawler James Johnson, "likes being 'Bolshevik' let him go and live in Russia for a few months. He will be glad to get back," he said. Neilson made the statement yesterday when questioned regarding his experiences in Russia. His ship was seized by order of the Soviet Government, and he has just arrived home.

He agreed that the fishermen were not ill-treated and not given forced labour, and that in Murmansk they were allowed to visit the theatre and cabarets.

Skipper Greaver, of the trawler Lord Astor, told him his vessel was chased by a Russian gunboat for three hours, and three shells were fired over her.

M.P. WINS FLITCH.

Mr. Tom Groves Takes Prize for "No Quarrel with Wife for a Year."

The "Dunmow" Flitch was won yesterday by Mr. Tom Groves, Labour M.P. for Stratford.

The proceedings took place at Ilford before a judge and jury of bachelors and maidens.

Three couples competed, each solemnly declaring that they had fulfilled the necessary conditions and had not quarrelled for a year and a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Groves received the flitch of bacon, and Mr. and Mrs. Heasman, Manchester, and Mr. and Mrs. Ketley, Swanley, Kent, half a flitch each.

SAILING BOAT TRAGEDY

Woman Dies After Being Rescued with Eight Friends.

A pleasure sailing boat capsized at Cleethorpes yesterday during a sudden squall. The nine occupants, who were excursionists from the Nottingham district, were thrown into the sea.

Small boats were launched from the beach, and the women were got on board. Mrs. Mary Ann Ford, of 15, Nagshead-yard, Mansfield, died shortly after being picked up.

With her was her daughter. One woman was taken to hospital.

Paddlers Drowned.—While paddling in the sea at Seaton Carew, near West Hartlepool, two little boys were caught by the tide and drowned. They were Edward Norton and Arthur Calister, both eleven years of age, and they lived in Egerton-street, Middlesbrough.

LATE THEATRE-GOERS.

Mr. C. B. Cochran on Late Dinners That Cannot Be Sacrificed.

Unquestionably the enjoyment of many playgoers is spoiled through the habit of playgoers staying all through the first act, says Mr. C. B. Cochran, the well-known theatrical proprietor, in a letter to the Editor of *The Daily Mirror*, replying to Miss Pauline Lord's letter of complaint to the Press.

"It simply comes down to this," says Mr. Cochran: "that in London playgoing is not as important as dinner. In New York enthusiastic playgoers sacrifice dinner for the play."

"In Paris as in London, the playgoer is not to be sacrificed for the best play in the world, and, therefore, the theatre commences later; but in London the playgoer wants to get home early, and gets fidgety if the curtain is not down by 11 p.m."

CELEBRATING HIS FIRST SON.

To commemorate the birth of his first son, who was two days old yesterday, Mr. Frank Shaw, one of the directors of Messrs. G. Shaw and Co., Leigh (Lancs.) Brewery, has presented each of the 220 employees of the firm with 5s.

LINER MAIL BAGS ROBBED.

On the arrival of the liner *Esperance* Bay at Melbourne, cables the Exchange, six mail bags from Port Said were found to have been ripped open. Sixteen registered articles and two ordinary packages are missing.

DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT.

Romance of American and Her Daughter.

BRIDE OF SEVENTEEN.

PARIS, Monday. A double engagement of exceptional interest to American circles in Paris is revealed by a cabled announcement from New York that Mrs. Nellie Sands is engaged to Captain William Waters, an American living in Paris, and that Miss Consuelo Hatmaker, Mrs. Sands' daughter by her second marriage, is engaged to Captain Charles Nunnally, the famous French aviator.

Mrs. Sands admitted to a *New York Herald* reporter that the two weddings will take place here during the early summer. Mrs. Nellie Sands first married in 1893 Captain Joseph Raphael de Lamar, who made a big fortune in shipping and mining. They were divorced in Paris in 1898. The once rich child of the marriage, Miss Alice de Lamar, inherited the greater part of her father's fortune on his death in 1918, which was estimated at about \$5,000,000.

Mrs. de Lamar married in 1903 Mr. James Hatmaker, an American business man, but they were divorced in 1921.

There was also one child of this second marriage, Miss Consuelo Hatmaker, who is now seventeen years of age and exceedingly beautiful.—Central News.



Capt. Nungesser.

WOMAN BRAVES CHINESE BANDITS.

Robber Who Thrust His Carbine in Her Face.

NIGHT IN KENNEL.

Terrible Forced March in Dressing Gown.

A woman's terrible ordeal at the hands of Chinese bandits, who bearded and wrecked the Shanghai-Pekin express, has been told by Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, junior.

When the express was wrecked passengers were robbed and carried off under threats by bandits.

Through the night the passengers marched, some women in nightdress and barefoot, prodded by rifles and nearly dropping from exhaustion.

Miss Aldrich was finally allowed to go back the way she had come. She staggered on till she came to a dog kennel, and there she stopped the night till rescued.

WEEPING CAPTIVES.

Prisoner Who Fell Out on March Shot on the Ground.

Her first thought, said Miss Aldrich (according to a Reuter telegram) was for the jewels she had with her—family heirlooms—and these she was able to hide before she was seized by the bandits.

Having done this, she was barely able to put on her slippers and a dressing gown when a brigand entered her compartment. The robber, a dirty, ragged, truculent coolie, carried a rifle and bayonet.

"Then," said Miss Aldrich, "I was marched off the train and herded outside with the other passengers. We all were cold in our nightgowns and gowns."

"I tried to forget my own suffering in the chilly air, though my feet were bruised by the rough trail through my thin slippers, for others were more scantily clad than I, and many of them were barefoot."

"Under the pitiless beating, prodding and sometimes stabbing of the guards to make the Chinese prisoners keep up the fast pace set by the brigand, several of these men dropped to the ground."

"Just when I felt that I must drop from exhaustion, one of the Chinese prisoners near me sank to the ground, unable to rise again. A brigand poured out a torrent of oaths and abuse, dropped his bundles of loot and fired his rifle point-blank into the man on the ground."

"We trudged steadily on, nobody speaking, and finally we reached the wooded foothills."

SEARCHED BY VILLAGERS.

"Then the bandits began sorting out their plunder. It was a miscellaneous array—jewels, clothing, bedding, money, door handles, brass fixtures taken from the train, one mattress and some pillows."

"One of the marauders tried on Miss MacFadden's blouse. I was watching him, when another walked toward me and poked his carbine into my face."

"Then they marched off, leaving me alone."

"I then set out on the back trail. I trudged along throughout the day, and finally I encountered what appeared to be a dog kennel. Fearfully I crept into it, and there I spent the night."

"The dawn brought curious countrymen, timidly at first, to look at me. Some of them ran away, but I permitted others to search me. They escorted me into the village, and when they understood my needs they could not do enough for me. They bathed my sore feet and simultaneously offered me food."

"They took me to a larger town, and from there I took train to Tsinanfu."

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind westerly; risk of showers; bright intervals; rather cool. Lighting up-time, 8.52 p.m.

M.P.'s Illness.—Mr. H. Weston Sparkes, M.P. for Tiverton, is seriously ill with pneumonia at Dawlish.

Earthquake Shock.—An earthquake shock, lasting four seconds, has been felt at Foggia (Italy), says Reuter.

Ex-Premier and Oratory.—Mr. Lloyd George is to judge a case on Welsh oratory for the Welsh National Eisteddfod.

Chapel-goer at 101.—Mrs. Margaret Rhoderich, of Abergele, Carmarthenshire, who will be 101 to-day, walks to chapel twice every Sunday.

Peer's Daughter Dead.—Lady Eleanor Hill-Jones, daughter of the second Marquis Camden, has died in a London nursing home following an operation.

Hammersmith Doctor Dead.—Dr. H. F. Harrison, who for forty years was medical officer to Hammersmith Guardians, has died, aged seventy-eight.

Son of Sir John Brickwood.—Lady Brickwood, widow of Sir John Brickwood, gave birth to a son yesterday at her London residence, Park Lane, N.W. Both are doing well.

LORD CURZON EXPECTED TO SEE THE KING TO-DAY

General Belief That Marquis Will Be Invited To Become Prime Minister.

THROAT OPERATION ON MR. BONAR LAW

Patient's Condition Remains Unchanged—Glowing French Tributes to Friend of the Entente.

There is a general expectation in political circles that the King will send for the Marquis Curzon to-day and invite him to succeed Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister.

It was widely felt yesterday that, in view of his forty years' service to the State, the Marquis Curzon, who has been Acting Premier during Mr. Bonar Law's absence abroad, has univailed claim to the position.

Mr. Bonar Law, states an official bulletin signed by two doctors, underwent a slight operation to his throat at his private residence. It is added that otherwise his condition is unchanged.

Regret at Mr. Bonar Law's resignation is universal alike in this country, France and the Dominions. French tributes are particularly striking.

SLIGHT OPERATION FOR MARCHIONESS AS NEXT THROAT TROUBLE.

Consultation by Specialists at Onslow-Gardens.

EX-PREMIER'S CALLERS.

The following bulletin was issued yesterday afternoon from 24, Onslow-gardens:—

Mr. Bonar Law has had a slight operation on his throat to-day. Otherwise his condition is unchanged.

(Signed) **Gould May, M.D.**
Douglas Harmer, F.R.C.S.

Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes (who is a trained nurse) walked to Mr. Bonar Law's house at 12.10 p.m.

Sir Thomas Horder, his physician and friend, and a companion arrived ten minutes later.

Dr. Gould May, who, with Sir Thomas and Dr. Douglas Harmer signed Sunday's bulletin, was driven up at 12.30.

The doctors were still in attendance at 1.30.

Lord Beaverbrook was engaged with Mr. Bonar Law for some time during the morning.

The ex-Premier's various private secretaries were busy clearing up his Downing-street.

Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, was at No. 10, but his purpose was only to express his deep sympathy with his late chief.

Sir Robert Horne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Coalition Government, visited Mr. Bonar Law's house in Onslow-gardens yesterday afternoon.

HOMAGE BY FRANCE.

Services to the Entente That Cannot Be Over-Estimated.

Glowing tributes to Mr. Bonar Law were made yesterday by the French Press.

M. Gustave Hervé, writing in *La Victoire*, says:—"In changing completely the dangerous atmosphere created by Mr. Lloyd George between France and England, Mr. Bonar Law has rendered a service to the Entente that cannot be overestimated."

Le Journal says:—"Mr. Bonar Law was attached to France by the strongest ties. France has every reason for paying homage to the man from whom she has received such precious pledges of sincere friendship."

The *Petit Parisien* says:—"Mr. Bonar Law became Premier too late to prevent separation between France and England. He always behaved towards us with scrupulous loyalty. He was a perfect gentleman."

L'Espresso writes:—"One of the noblest British figures leaves the scene accompanied by the regrets and sympathy not only of Great Britain, but of all her European Allies."

"He broke definitely with his predecessor's policy by observing in every domain, particularly in that of diplomacy, perfect sincerity and uprightness, which in no way excluded his absolute devotion to the British cause."—Reuter.

DOMINIONS' PRAISE.

In a statement to the Ottawa newspapers, Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, said:—

"The sympathy of all parts of the Empire will be extended to Mr. Bonar Law. The people of Canada experience profound regret that one whose great worth they justly appreciated has been obliged to relinquish the highest post in the gift of the British nation at a moment of the largest opportunity."

In a tribute to Mr. Bonar Law at Plymouth yesterday Lady Astor said:—"The whole country will be sorry. No man was ever more popular in the House of Commons."

MARCHIONESS AS NEXT HOSTESS AT NO. 10?

Fame of Lady Curzon's Parties in Social World.

A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN.

The Marchioness Curzon, whose husband is expected to become Prime Minister, is famous as one of society's most successful hostesses.

As the wife of the chief of the Foreign Office, whom she married as recently as January, 1917, she has had to carry out the entertainment of foreign celebrities.

This she has done with such conspicuous success that her parties have become famous throughout the social world.

Prior to her marriage with Lord Curzon the Marchioness, a beautiful American woman, born in Alabama, was well known in this country as Mrs. Alfred Duggan.

Her first husband, whom she married in South America, died in 1915. Then she devoted herself entirely to war work.

Wounded soldiers who were entertained at her beautiful place at Trent Park, which she took from Sir Philip Sassoon, are never likely to forget her kindness and hospitality.

ENTERTAINED THE PRINCE.

Her marriage to Lord Curzon, in the dark days of 1917, was of the quietest possible description. The wedding ceremony was to have been performed at St. George's, Hanover-square, but this was cancelled at the last moment. It finally took place in the private chapel at Lambeth Palace.

Two years ago the Marchioness organised her first great charity ball at Lansdowne House in aid of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. This triumphant success was repeated only last month.

The first of these two functions was noteworthy for the fact that it was the first of its kind staged by the Prince of Wales. He enjoyed himself so much that he stayed on dancing until early morning.

Lady Curzon, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Monroe Hinds, United States Minister to Brazil, always arranges a surprise for her parties—sometimes dancers from Paris or a music-hall star new to her guests.

MRS. BALDWIN'S CHARM.

Chancellor's Wife a Social Influence in Downing Street.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is also one of the most popular of political hostesses.

Apart from the dignity attaching to her husband's position as Chancellor, Mrs. Baldwin has long been a favourite in society for her personal charm.

The daughter of the late E. L. J. Ridsdale, of Rottingdean, she is noted for the good taste she displays, not only in her dress but her home.

Her home in Eaton-square was one of the most perfectly arranged houses in London.

When her husband became Chancellor she had to give up her roomy house for the more restricted official quarters at No. 11, Downing-street. Even here, however, her influence was soon made evident.

GOLDEN ROSE FOR QUEEN.

MADRID, Monday.—The Insignia of the Distinction of the Golden Rose, which is being bestowed by the Pope on the Queen of Spain, was handed to her yesterday by the Papal Nuncio.—Reuter.



King Faisal, who is to fly from Bagdad to Amman to meet his brother, the Emir Abdullah, in Transjordan.



General John J. Pershing, who is to meet his brother, the Emir Abdullah, in Transjordan.

DECISION EXPECTED WITHIN 48 HOURS.

Lord Curzon's Claims to the Premiership.

LONG SERVICE TO STATE, FOREIGN SECRETARY BACK IN LONDON TO-DAY?

By Our Lobby Correspondent.

Within the next forty-eight hours an official announcement may be expected concerning Mr. Bonar Law's successor.

Possibly in the course of to-day the King will send for the Marquis Curzon, the Acting Premier, and invite him to accept the vacant office.

His Majesty is still at Aldershot, and so far has signified no intention of returning to London.

At the moment Lord Curzon is at his seat in Somershires, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who has been leader of the House of Commons since Mr. Bonar Law's illness, remains at Chequers.

In view of the new situation, Lord Curzon returned to London to-day. It was his intention last week to stay in the country till tomorrow.

LORD CURZON'S GIFTS.

Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, called at No. 10, Downing-street yesterday, but his purpose was merely to express his deep sympathy with his late chief. The Marquis of Salisbury also returned to London yesterday.

The forecast in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that Lord Curzon may succeed Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister, and that Mr. Baldwin (Chancellor of the Exchequer) would be appointed leader of the House of Commons, was accepted by those most likely to know as the most probable arrangement.

The splendour of Lord Curzon's gifts, his influence in the Cabinet, and his distinguished services to the State form an unrivalled combination of claim for the Premiership.

Lord Curzon served twelve years in the Commons, he has been Viceroy of India, and has twice acted as Deputy Prime Minister—first when Mr. Lloyd George was at the Peace Conference in 1919, and recently during Mr. Bonar Law's illness.

The claims of Mr. Stanley Baldwin to the "succession" are also eagerly canvassed. Mr. Baldwin, who for a long time has enjoyed the intimate friendship of Mr. Bonar Law, has within the last few months become one of the most prominent figures in the Commons.

FOURTY YEARS' PUBLIC SERVICE.

In deputising as Commons leader in the absence of Mr. Bonar Law he has revealed qualities of a high order. His first Budget, with its skilful adjustments of taxation, created a most favourable impression in political and financial circles.

It must, however, be remembered that the Chancellor is still far behind Lord Curzon in length of public service. It was only two years ago that he became a Cabinet Minister.

Lord Curzon, on the other hand, first entered public life forty years ago as assistant private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury, and almost ever since he has been actively associated with diplomatic and political affairs.

In these democratic days a section of the Conservative Party would naturally prefer a Prime Minister who is a member of the Lower House, but Lord Curzon's claims so far exceed those of any other member of the Cabinet that it is difficult to imagine that they will be brushed aside.

Mr. Bonar Law in tendering his resignation made no suggestion to the King with reference to filling the vacancy.

Conservative Officials Meet.—Colonel E. S. Jackson, chief organiser of the Conservative Party, returned to London yesterday afternoon, and was in consultation with the party officials at a private meeting.

"FREE" NATIONAL LIBERALS?

View That They Are Now Absolved from Pledge to Support Ministry.

It is the view of some National Liberals that they will be absolved by the change in the head of the Government from verbal pledges of support given at the General Election.

In individual cases members will no doubt be free to determine their course of action, but in general it is thought that the advent of a new Ministry will in some degree facilitate Liberal reunion.

Lord Rosebery "A Cripple."

"If anything could raise a cripple like myself, it would be the centenary of George Heriot," wrote Lord Rosebery, declining an invitation to attend the Old Herioters' reunion at Edinburgh.

George Heriot (1563-1623), a Scottish goldsmith, founded Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh,

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TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1923.

MR. BONAR LAW'S RESIGNATION.

SELDOM, if ever, in our history has the retirement of a Prime Minister been deplored as widely and deeply as is the resignation—due to a disorder of the throat grave enough to necessitate an operation—of Mr. Bonar Law.

Even in the expressions of regret uttered by such political opponents as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald one discovers a note of affection as well as of courtesy and sympathy.

Less sorrow, indeed, might have been felt at the disappearance from public life of a more ostentatiously brilliant leader.

Brilliant men make enemies.

The dull who are brought into contact with them are jealous of their genius; while the plain man who does not come into contact with them is suspicious of their versatility, wondering anxiously what they will be up to next.

Mr. Bonar Law will be classed by posterity, not with statesmen of great imaginative genius, but with men of talent, equal to their tasks, though not superior to them, rich in common sense, ready in emergencies, modest, and honest as the day.

It has always been an emergency that has brought him to the front.

No one would have said, even when he was beginning to win golden opinions in the House of Commons, that he stood in the normal line of succession to the Premiership.

In short, he was not born to greatness, but had greatness thrust upon him when first a party crisis and then a political crisis made it desirable that a modest man, who was also a safe man, should shoulder responsibility.

For his own part, he neither sought responsibility nor shirked it. But when it came to him, he did his best with it; and his best was always very good.

When he succeeded Mr. Lloyd George, the future alike of the Entente and of the Conservative Party was at issue.

The Entente, though not altogether unstrained, has been preserved by Mr. Bonar Law's frank and sympathetic sincerity in defining his position.

The party, at the same time, has been saved from danger by his firm yet conciliatory leadership, and it may safely be affirmed that it now occupies an unchallengeable position alike in Parliament and in the country.

Whoever succeeds him will find his place a very difficult one to fill.

A TRIBUTE TO DICKENS.

LITERATURE and life have never been brought into happier and more intimate conjunction than in the public announcement of Mr. Tom Groves, M.P., that he owes the felicity of his married life to Dickens.

Reading "David Copperfield" in his youth, he fell in love with Agnes. Then he looked about him for the living counterpart of Agnes, found her, proposed, and was accepted, with the result that he is now able to present himself as a candidate for the Ilford Flitch.

There could be no better proof of the vitality and humanity of the work of our great novelist.

Most of the women depicted in his romances are very far from adorable. Scolds and silly women abound in his pages.

His ideal, however, was at once high and human, and, in this one instance, at all events, has made a wider and deeper appeal than have any of the ideals of the most illustrious of his rivals.

Thackeray was a better writer, and a keener critic of life; but he never succeeded in persuading any young man that his Amelia or his Laure was the perfection of feminine grace and charm.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Hard Housework—Hustling—"At Homes" —The Houses We Need—Dyeing and Cleaning Prices.

DULL "AT HOMES."

ANY form of amusement becomes dull by constant reiteration. The dullness of "at homes" is therefore easily explained.

Why not introduce a few thrilling pastimes, such as "postman's knock" and "kiss-in-the-ring," to rejoice the hearts of our distracted hostesses?

A. H.

CHEAP HOUSES.

THE non-parlour type of house would prove a boon and a blessing to thousands upon thousands of people who now live in rooms.

Most workers want three bedrooms, a bath and a fair-sized living-room now, but very few can afford superfluous parlour furniture for the children to kick to pieces romping about.

I have lived for twenty years in our largest

HOUSEWORK.

IF housework is so hard and monotonous for the servants, what must it be like for women who cannot afford help and are obliged to do their own washing, in addition to having a family?

They are indeed slaves, though without the badge of slavery!

Not a very inviting prospect for a single girl to look forward to, is it? E. JONES.

The Laurels, Fershore-road, Birmingham.

ENGLISH COLDS.

ENGLISHMEN, who pride themselves on their hardihood in foreign climes, are always being caught napping by their own weather.

After a man has lived for forty or fifty years,

CONVERSATIONAL BORES NO. 2—THE PESSIMIST.



He who depresses all dinner-table talk with his dismal predictions of world calamity.

provincial city, and have lived amongst workers and their families. A small family of four, and I know that while the children are small the parlour is not necessary.

The Labour opposition is so frothy and shallow that every sensible man can see through it. Kenilworth. H. E. HARRIS.

DYING AND CLEANING PRICES.

I THINK all housewives will agree with me that it is high time that a protest is made respecting the profiteering which still appears to continue in certain sections of the dyeing and cleaning industry.

The laundry charges are still high, but some dyers and cleaners must be making profits from 50 to 100 per cent. I give one example. The price I had to pay for three small kinds (with crochet edge) one yard wide, *viz.*, 13s. 6d.

These prices make household expenses enormous and are not fair to the public.

TIRED MOTHER.

THE LABOUR PARTY'S POLICY.

WHY do not the Labour Party issue a definite statement as to their policy?

At every congress they reject Communism, yet they continue to harbour Communists in their ranks.

This sort of thing estranges the working man, who wants to know what, exactly, the Labour Party are proposing.

At present Bolsheviks, Marxists, Communists and all Socialists seek cover under the elastic title of "Labour."

POLITICS.

Ealing.

THE MAN WHO MAY BE PREMIER.

INTERESTING FACTS IN LORD CURZON'S CAREER.

By W. H. BROOKS.

IF the surmise that Mr. Bonar Law's successor will be Lord Curzon of Kedleston should prove correct, then not only will a famous prophecy have been fulfilled, but this country will have for its Prime Minister a man endowed with remarkable talents and possessing an almost unrivalled experience of foreign affairs.

When, in 1879, the late Dr. Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, was asked to name the most promising young man at that time in residence at Oxford, he replied, "George Curzon will go further than any of them so long as he does not overdo it."

Much water has passed beneath the bridges of the Thames since this prophetic utterance was made, and the studious undergraduate to whom it referred has in the meanwhile realised ambition after ambition, occupied great offices of State and built up a reputation as one of the finest orators among present-day statesmen.

"The young man in a hurry" they used to call him, and his rise to fame was certainly rapid.

He was only forty when he was appointed Viceroy of India, and he had already held such important offices as those of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Under-Secretary for India.

Lord Curzon's talents and tastes have always been in the direction of politics, and no one could ever bring against him a charge of amateurishness. Before he took office under Lord Salisbury he had travelled extensively, and few men know Asia better.

An indefatigable worker and a man of high purpose, Lord Curzon has done much to foster the Imperial tradition.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

FULL of energy, initiative, judgment and determination, he found in India abundant scope for his talents. He was, indeed, a great Pro-Consul—one who never failed to approach difficult and delicate problems with sympathetic consideration.

Great as have been the attractions of foreign affairs to Lord Curzon, he never made the mistake of neglecting to study political affairs nearer home, as his recent speeches have shown.

A wonderful speaker, he has the born orator's love of moving his arms to emphasise his points.

"The Government's handyman" was the description which somebody recently applied to Lord Curzon, and he has certainly discharged a miscellany of important functions during the last few years. He works early and late, and he never seems to tire.

Lord Curzon's chief hobby in life is work. A more studious boy never passed through Eton. He hated the idea of compulsory sport. He preferred a book to a game of cricket any time.

Destiny had marked him out as one of Britain's big men, and his friends recognised his points.

"George," said one of them, "will you swear to make me Chancellor of the Exchequer when you are Prime Minister?" Young Curzon made the promise. I wonder if it will be possible for him to fulfil it one day!

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Descriptive Booklet post free on request.

A man is always happy when he is in the presence of something which he cannot know to the full, but which he is always going on to know.—Ruskin.

EARNEST OF SUNSHINE DAYS TO COME



An unusual effect secured by the use of fuchsia-coloured pansies with a lace frill and shot vaille ribbon.—(Christine Lynne.)

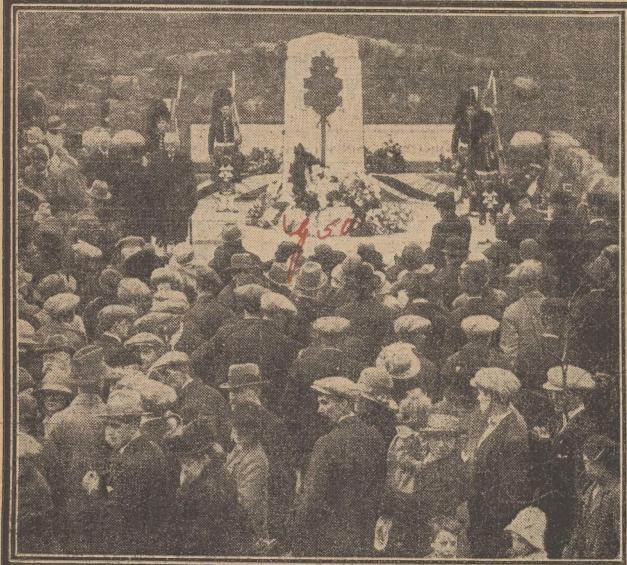


Shaded roses fashioned in raffia trim this model in rush straw. A coloured edge adds attractiveness to the brim.—(Romaine.)



A new shape in crinoline straw. The fashion is almond green in colour, it is trimmed with quills of contrasting hue.—(Sagwen.)

Jade is the colour chosen for this evening gown of chiffon, with a novel belt and head-dress of green shell (Pam).—
(Daily Mirror photographs.)



STIRLING'S CENOTAPH UNVEILED.—The unveiling by General Sir Francis Davies of the Cenotaph erected at Causewayhead, Stirling, in honour of those who fell in the war. This was the last public appearance of General Davies prior to his retirement this week from the Scottish Command.

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THERE are no more delicious delicacies for the table than Hartley's Preserves and Table Jellies.

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Meltis CHOCOLATE
"It melts in the Mouth."
Pocket a Packet!



Viscount Valentia, Lord-in-Waiting to the King, will be eighty years old in August next.



Miss Peggy Ward, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward, will be presented this season.

MR. BONAR LAW'S HEALTH

Duse and Her Guarantees—Caledonian Ball
—Lord Ribblesdale at Home.

THE CRISIS in regard to Mr. Bonar Law's health developed swiftly yesterday, when it was found necessary to perform an operation on his throat. The bulletin of the surgeons describes this operation as slight, and all will hope that it will lead speedily to the disappearance of those symptoms in the patient's general health which have been so extremely disquieting.

Efforts to Get Well.

The ex-Premier made a characteristically conscientious effort to get well, but unfortunately illness cannot always be overcome by business-like determination. In fact, the effort made by Mr. Bonar Law was, it is now thought, in itself a detrimental factor. It was also characteristic of the man, however, that as soon as the verdict of the doctors had gone against him he decided to resign without a moment's delay.

Three Famous Doctors.

The operation on Mr. Bonar Law was performed by Dr. Douglas Harmer, F.R.C.S., who is surgeon at the Metropolitan Hospital, and is famous for his books on operations to the larynx. Dr. Gould May, who was also in attendance, is hon. physician to the London Hospital. Sir Thomas Horder, Mr. Bonar Law's other medical attendant, was not present. He is one of the leading authorities on cancer, and is physician to the Fulham Hospital.

Short Premierships.

There have been shorter Premierships than that of Mr. Bonar Law. Gladstone resigned in 1886 after being in power for only five and a half months. In 1834-5 Sir Robert Peel survived less than four months.

Bonar Law as Chess Player.

One of our chess masters recently published his estimate of Mr. Bonar Law's skill as a chess player. He would stand, he said, no chance whatever in a first-class tournament, but played considerably better than the average amateur. When he was known only as a promising member of the Glasgow Chess Club, he frequented Simpson's chess divan whenever business brought him to London.

Schoolmaster's Opinion.

A schoolmaster's opinion of Mr. Bonar Law is worth quoting: "Mast: Law," he entered in his diary, "is a boy of great mental power, and has, in everything except penmanship, made progress. I think he is a serious boy, always anxious to do well. With his immense powers of application, I often tell him he could become a good French and German scholar."

A Devoted Daughter.

Lady Sykes, Mr. Bonar Law's daughter, who has always been very deeply attached to him, is devoting herself to his care during the present crisis in his health. She is the ex-Premier's elder daughter. The younger—by name Catherine—is still in her teens, and spends most of her time with her governess. Mr. Bonar Law has been a widower since 1909.

Flying Honeymoon.

The honeymoon of Lady Sykes and her husband—she was married three years ago—set a new fashion, for the happy pair went away in a flying machine, an appropriate method of transit, seeing that Sir Frederick Sykes, was Controller-General of Civil Aviation. Lady Sykes is tall and dignified, with fair hair. She has a little son, called Bonar, who was born in January of this year.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

At Welbeck.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are having a family party at Welbeck Abbey, among those who have been staying with them over Whitsun being their son, the Marquis of Titchfield and his pretty wife, Lady Titchfield was Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, the only daughter of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and for some years before her marriage acted as Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra.

The Rutland Hat.

The Duchess of Rutland and her daughter, the Marchioness of Anglesey, are very devoted to one another. I saw them lunching together the other day at the Ritz, the Duchess wearing one of those hats with a drooping brim which she has made her very own, and Lady Anglesey well wrapped up in a sensible long coat of fawn cloth with brown fur trimmings.

Picturesque Peer.

Although confined to his room, Lord Ribblesdale has many friends to see him. All through his illness one or other of his pretty daughters has been with him, and he is keenly interested in the sporting news. He was a brilliant horseman, and though at all times picturesque, never more so than when leading the Royal Ascot procession in the Buckhounds days.

Caledonian Ball.

Lord and Lady Dunmore are settled for the season in Bryanston-square, with their pretty daughter, Lady Marjorie Murray, a tall, graceful girl. Though only eighteen last November, Lady Marjorie came out last year and was presented at the second June Court. Just now Lady Dunmore is busy in connection with the Royal Caledonian Ball next month, for which she is arranging the reels, the great feature at this big Scottish function of the season.

Relationships.

Lord and Lady Dunmore have a family of three, of whom Lady Marjorie Murray is the eldest. Her brother, Lord Fincastle, a title which recalls the gaining of the V.C. by Lord Dunmore, was born in 1908, and her sister, Lady Mary Elizabeth, in 1913. One of Lord Dunmore's sisters is Lady Evelyn Cobbold, whose son Ivan married Lady Blanche Cavenish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.

Alleged Haunted House.

Lady Islington has been spending Whitsuntide at her new place in Suffolk, and Lady Gwendoline Churchill has been with her. There were all sorts of rumours that Rushbrooke was haunted, but I gather that the new owners have been quite undisturbed!

Loch Leven Trout.

Sir Basil and Lady Montgomery are at Kinross House. Now that the Loch Leven fisheries are in Sir Basil's own hands, he is devoting much time to the development of the hatcheries. Loch Leven trout are dispatched all over the world.

Model Landlord.

Lord and Lady Stradbroke are to be in London for the season, and have taken a house in South Audley-street. They spent Whitsuntide at Henham, and received a hearty welcome home. Lord Stradbroke is one of the ideal landlords, who since his childhood has spent the greater part of the year on his estate whenever his official duties permit him to be in England.

Nine-Year Novel.

I hear very good accounts of "The Ghost Moth," the new novel which Kathleen Crichton Lion—the wife of Mr. Leon M. Lion—has just published. It is her first novel, and the writing of it has, I am told, occupied her for nine years. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, where much of the author's childhood was spent.

Harrogate's Motto.

Harrogate now has a very efficient publicity department. Hence, no doubt, the town's "snappy" new motto, which is: "The Mecca of the Ailing and the Playground of the Robust."

"Snowball."

I met Lord Valentia walking in Piccadilly this other morning, wearing the regulation garb of those in waiting on the King. He has just succeeded the Earl of Albemarle as Lord-in-Waiting, and had on a shiny silk hat with frock-overcoat. Lord Valentia is a wonderful man for his years, for he will be eighty in August, and his hair is almost as black as in his young days when he was known as "Snowball" on account of his dark hair, moustache and eyes.

Visit of Duse.

I hear that Mr. C. B. Cochran has had to give a very heavy guarantee to Duse, the great Italian actress, in connection with her London visit. She will appear at the New Oxford in plays which I have already mentioned. She begins on June 7 with Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Mr. Stubbs, the box-office keeper at the theatre, tells me he has never known such a rush of applications for seats to see Duse, and the Guittys, whose season commences three days earlier.

The Guittys.

The opening Guitti programme should be very interesting. All three appear in "Comment on écrit l'histoire," a brilliant two-act effort of Sacha. On the same evening Lucien does "Un Sujet de Roman," the play written for his father and Sarah Bernhardt, who was taken ill on the night of the dress rehearsal.

"Within the Law."

Seekers after comic coincidence will note that while, through no fault of his own, Captain Philipson was unseated for Berwick, his wife made a big hit in "Within the Law" some three or four years ago at the Haymarket. If Mrs. Philipson, cleverest of her particular school of broad comedy, should bring her stage gifts to the aid of her candidature, she should score. One still recalls her artless inquiry to the detective who has "found" her, with her "record," in a Mayfair milieu: "I hope they won't send me to quod."



Mr. Walter Tennyson, the young British screen actor, who plays a leading part in the new film "Conscripts of Fortune."



Miss Mary O'Toole, who will play the part of Cromwell's daughter in John Drinkwater's play at His Majesty's Theatre.

Ireland and the Prince.

There is, I hear, a significant change in the Irish attitude towards the Throne. A few years ago cinema managers in that country were obliged to cut out pictures dealing with royalty, as they caused mild riots. Nowadays there is cheering "in all parts of the house" when pictures of royal ceremonials are shown. And the Prince, I hear, is specially popular with the Irish.

Dublin's Grand Old Doctor.

The most active man in Dublin for his age (seventy-eight) is Sir John Moore, the distinguished physician and meteorologist. He starts hospital work every morning at nine, and rests hardly at all till 8 p.m. He covers an extensive medical round on foot, save in very hot weather, and then he drives round in his old-fashioned one-horse brougham.

Prince George's Golf.

Prince George spent the holiday golfing at Littlehampton, with headquarters at the Beach Hotel. He is not, I am told, a very good golfer, but he plays a keen and improving game.

Odd Eyes.

I have received a few more letters from people who know of white cats with one blue and one green eye. I am also told of a Dalmatian dog at Hampstead which has one bright blue eye and the other light brown. The Dalmatian dog, which is rare, is the white fellow with black spots all over him like a roly-poly currant pudding.

THE RAMBLER.

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Up comes the full beauty of a stained floor each time you use the O-Cedar Polish Mop—and out come bright gleams from corners, stair angles, base boards and panelling. By its easy use each day these are kept cleaned and polished the year round.

Every stroke cleans, dusts and polishes when the O-Cedar Polish Mop is treated with O-Cedar Polish; and each stroke is dustless. Even the linoleum smiles with every touch. Then, too, O-Cedar similarly beautifies all furniture and woodwork.

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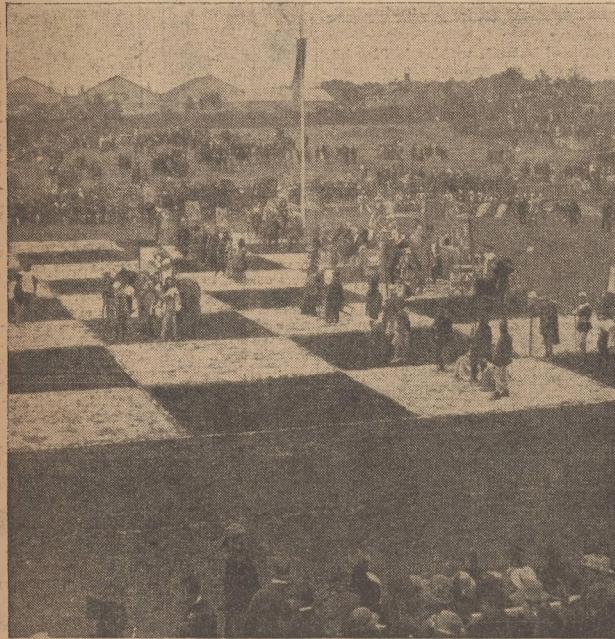
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LIVE PAWNS AND PIECES



A portion of the "chess-board" with its living pieces in position.



Queens of Beauty arriving in state to take part in the pageant.

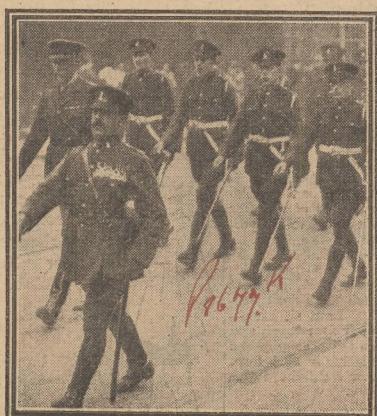


A page receiving instructions for the movement of the living chessmen.

A novel spectacle was witnessed at Compiegne, near Paris, when two well-known chess players engaged in a match which was reproduced by living chessmen in medieval costume on a monster chess-board. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



London's Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.



Viscount Lascelles (extreme left) with his regiment.

SCARBOROUGH CHURCH PARADE.—Viscount Lascelles was among a notable congregation which attended in procession a church parade held at Scarborough in connection with the Health Congress now in progress.

BRITAIN'S OPEN AIR HOLIDAY—GLIMPSES



The pier at Brighton filled with a throng of Londoners, who welcome the opportunity of a brief parting from their fellow-Londoners!



Setting out on a trip by steamboat along the coast, one of the most adventurous ways of spending a doubtful-weather Whitsun.



Hoisting the sail on their yacht which is their home day on the water.



Donald Fairbanks, junior, who is about to start a career as a film actor. His father is reported to be opposed to this intention.



British lads who are spending Whitsun on a visit to France's devastated regions in connection with the British League of Help placing a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Paris.

The dawn of Bank Holiday dull, but fine, attracted people throughout the country into the open air. The many who had travelled to the coast during

SCENES OF THE WHITSUN FESTIVAL

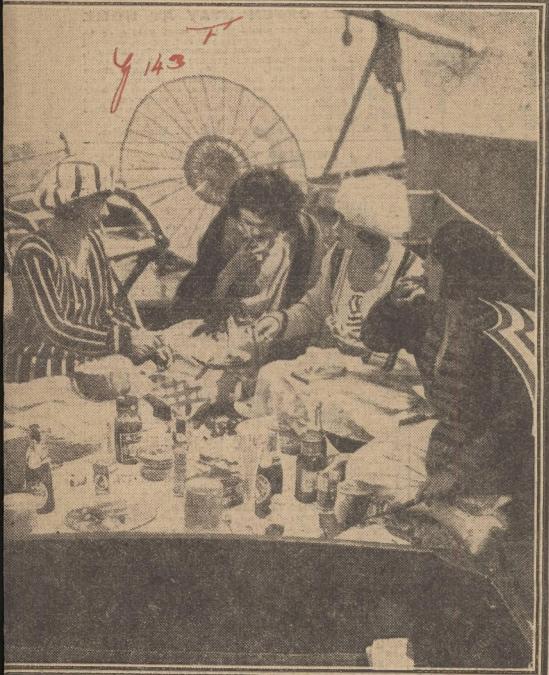


Tribute to the warm air of the English Riviera. A tableau in a classical dancing display given on the Abbey Sands, Torquay.



Where a spade is a spade and the one thing needful for a jolly time on the sands: a gleeful snapshot at Bournemouth.

angry for a trip from
for the Whitsun hol-
roads.



contented party of girl holiday-makers on the Norfolk Broads enjoying a nice lunch. With the independence typical of the maid of to-day, they have dispensed with the services of a masculine crew.

the week-end found their optimism justified by increased warmth, here and there tempered by a steady and invigorating breeze.

LONDON VAN HORSE PARADE



Sir Walter Gilbey inspecting one of the candidates at the London Van Horse Parade held in Regent's Park yesterday. Inset is Mr. C. Nelson, a prizewinner, with his young son in pearly costume.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



THE PRINCE'S TRIBUTE.—The Prince of Wales placing a wreath of laurel and poppies on the Cenotaph after the service held by the British Legion. Beside him is Earl Haig.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Captain Christopher O'Kelly, C.M.C., of Winnipeg, missing since November, has been found frozen to death in North-East Manitoba.



The crew aboard ship on arrival in the Tyneside.

BACK FROM RUSSIAN PRISON.—Twelve of the crew of the Hull trawler James Johnson, who were imprisoned after the capture of the vessel by Russians in March, have arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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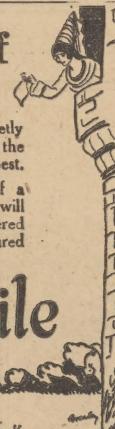
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LIQUIDATION STOCK—FORCED REALIZATION

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Lady's Handmade Solid Gold English Hall Marked Expanding Watch Bracelet: Beautifully finished and polished, most attractive. Price £1 19 6 per week. Solid Gold Extension to fit and grip any size wrist. A beautifully made Watch Bracelet in every particular. 15 years guarantee.

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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

CLIMBING JOYS.

On Holiday.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, — There is nothing so delightful as climbing. Whatever age we are, we love it. Babies clamber clumsily over chairs, gurgling with delight and enormously proud of themselves; boys and girls are never happy unless they are scaling some wall or tree, at great risk to life and limb; and middle-aged people go and climb the Alps in Switzerland. — I don't know why we should all be so fond of climbing steep and dangerous places. It isn't comfortable; in fact, it is difficult and risky, and almost always results in sundry scratches and bruises, and torn clothes. I think the real explanation is—curiosity. We want to get to the top, and see what is there. If we are in the country and we see a hill, we are not satisfied until we have struggled to the

summit and had a look round. Perhaps there is nothing to see when we get there; but that doesn't matter, we have enjoyed the climb.

Of course, climbing is much more exciting when you know there is something to get. That is the charm, going after bird's eggs. The higher the tree, the more cunningly hidden the nest, the more perilous the climb—the better we like it!

Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred are like everyone else; and when they came to the cliffs at the seaside they just had to climb up them. Unfortunately, Wilfred got them into trouble by annoying a sea-gull; and I don't think any of them would want to go bird-nesting again. I am rather glad, however, because my sympathy is always with the bird, and I am "old-fashioned" enough to be sorry for her when she loses her cherished eggs.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

"WHEN THEY WERE UP, THEY WERE UP."



1. The cliff looked so easy to climb that the pets could not resist clambering up it.



2. Squeak felt rather nervous, but they soon arrived at a safe spot halfway up.



3. Then Wilfred discovered a seagull's nest full of eggs. "Don't touch them!" cried Squeak.



4. But Wilfred wouldn't listen, and just then an angry seagull seized him by the ears!



5. Then Squeak and Wilfred, like the men of "the famous Duke of York, when they were up—



6. —they were up, and when they were down, they were DOWN!"

THE WALK HOME.

And Two Jolly Games to Play on the Way.

WHEN you are out for a day in the country loss for a game? Sometimes during the walk home it is difficult to amuse yourselves, as you are probably too tired to romp any more.

What you want is a quiet, easy game that you can play while you are walking along.

There are several, if you only knew them. The best of all, I think, is the Scout Game. Perhaps you have come to a gate leading into a field. You all run over the gate and stare at the fence for three seconds.

Then you continue your journey, and each one in turn says what he has seen. Perhaps Jack saw a bull, some poppies, a hedge and a ditch. Ella will have noticed some little blue flowers. Frank, whose eyes are the sharpest of all, saw a swallow, some dandelions, a ring in the bull's nose.

There are, of course, no prizes offered in this observation game, but the player who has noticed the most things wins.

Whatever you look at, you are almost certain to miss some of the points. For instance, three people might look at a horse. One would see just a brown horse; the second might notice that it had white fetlocks, a short tail, and was eating grass; while the observant third would see that it had no shoes and was tied to a stake by a short rope, and was getting grey in the mane.

SWALLOWS.

Another good game of the same kind is the Counting Game. In this the player who sees the most swallows wins.

The first swallow he notices he cries, "One!"—Perhaps he will see another swallow soon, when he cries, "Two!" But one of the other players may see the next one, and he in turn cries, "One!" So the game goes on, until you are all home; and then the player who has seen the most birds gets his prize.

Of course, you needn't play this game with swallows. Horses, cows, beech trees, birch trees, butterflies, or, in fact, any of the common objects of the country will do just as well.

PRIZEWINNERS.

Here are the prizewinners in the High Sheriff's Show held on May 5: **First Prize** (£2 10s.)—A. Slack (age 14)—Stanmore. **Second Prize** (£1 10s.)—A. W. Landon (age 12)—Second Prize (£10s.)—W. Lyons (age 7), E. 17. **Forty Prize** of 5s.—G. Smith (age 10), D. D. Brown (E. 3), B. Simmons, M. Ruffy, D. Morris (all 10), J. Miller (Chase), A. and J. John (E. 12), J. L. Miller (E. 12), R. Russell-Roberts, N. Brewer, M. Walker, E. Gandy, D. Keeler, B. Sodron, E. Gandy, J. Wilkins, E. Heath, K. Thomson, M. Melliship, W. Phillips, J. Newell, M. Head, R. Goss, J. W. W. Walker, G. G. Goss, K. D'Arcy, W. Hardinge, D. Gossage, M. Bowler, H. Wilson (Buntingford), J. E. Few, J. Fisher, N. Simpson, D. Roper, J. Sunnucks, J. G. Gandy, J. Poole.

Prizes of Half-Growns have also been awarded.



See the small red OSMAN Tab on each towel.

BECAUSE they are good to look at and prove as good as they look, you will find OSMAN Towels in the leading West End Hotels.

Their delightful softness is a revelation—they are unusually absorbent and they do not lose these admirable qualities after countless washings.

There never was a better, softer towel than OSMAN. You can satisfy yourself on that point by inspecting samples at your drapers.



TOWELS AND BATH-SHEETS

cost no more than the ordinary kind. The range of sizes is extensive and complete. Ask to see a sample.

From all leading Drapers Stores and House Furnishers



Protect Your
PETS
and
POULTRY
FROM ALL INSECTS
by dusting them occasionally
—and also their beds or nests
WITH
SHERLEY'S
INSECT POWDER

Harmless and non-irritant to Birds and Animals, however young.

IN LARGE PERFORATED TINS—



There is a safe way to do everything. The safest way to prevent illness and disease is to disinfect your home thoroughly with

Holders of the Royal Warrant during three successive reigns.

Jeyes' FLUID
The world's best disinfectant for nearly 50 years.
Get a bottle To-day.

TARANTULLE

THE WORLD'S ACCEPTED COTTON LINGERIE FABRIC



Wash-tub disappointments are unknown with white Tarantulle. The new range of dainty, indelible colors offers the same dependable service.

ALWAYS SEE NAME ON SELVEDGE.

White: Standard 1/9, Fine 2/3, Superfine 2/9.

Colors: Fine Weight only, 2/6 per yard.

All 40 inches wide. A Tootal line.

PATTERNS FREE from Tootals, Dept C20,
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To ward off those little ailments that undermine health and make life a burden take a glass of Wills' Salt every morning. It will rejuvenate the system and keep you right for the day. Equally good for children.

WILL'S SALT

Sold only by
Boots Chemists
Over 660 Branches throughout the Country.

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D.S.M.I.

SEA TRIPS FOR HEALTH & PLEASURE

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EXPRESS CLEANING

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Post your Dress, Costume, Suite or Light Overcoat with 6/6
Blanket Coat with 5/3
Blouse with 2/9
Skirt, Jumper or Sports Coat with ... 3/9

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Repeating included.

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Costume, Gown or Dress dyed Navy, Nigger, Saxe, Purple, Rust, Bottle Green, or Black for 10/6
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Your films are very valuable to you, and, naturally, in inexperienced hands, send them to the cheapest and best house in the trade for

Developing & Printing
I will develop your prints and give you one print free of charge, either
Brownie No. 2, or V.P.K. for 1/-.
Post work & prompt delivery guaranteed.
(Dept. 19, 36.)



LADIES' BOUDOIR

WANTED—PERMANENT PLEATS. WOOLLEN HATS.

I HAVE my own private and particular reasons for wanting this to be a rainless summer—you see, I've invested in one of the newest of the new pleated georgette frocks, and as no one has, up to now, invented permanent pleating, I'll be living through the summer with one eye glued to the barometer.

* * *

THE VERY NEWEST IN SKIRTS.

Rain or no rain, we've just got to be pleased this year. Ascot will bring forth little georgette frocks in mignonette green and that enchanting new sherry colour. And they will have sleeves tight to the elbow and long accordion pleated pieces slit up and falling to the wrist; slim pleated capes falling to the waist; dear little pleated aprons, panels, collars, and circular pleated frills on the skirts, which, put on below the knees, are a very new touch.

* * *

VERY NECESSARY.

Even sunshades will have pleated scarves wound round their handles, and the newest organdie hats have brims made of stiff accordion pleating. Now you see the need for a permanent pleating machine!

* * *

WOOLLEN HATS.

They sound—well just a little bit, don't they? But in reality they are exceedingly chic, and not in the least bit stodgy. The crown is like a baby's bonnet, close-fitting and loosely knitted, and worked into it are large flat flowers in lovely colourings outlined in gold and silver. The brims are wide and outlined with coloured wool.

* * *

RIBBON FANS.

The new "sporran" trimming placed on the front of a low waistline is quite attractive. The ribbon is looped fanwise and the flowers bunched in the centre.



Sand-coloured crêpe de Chine effectively lines this coat of sapphire-blue silk morocain.



The craze for hand-painted effects has spread to sunshades, which are lavishly embellished on the inside with a gay floral design.

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A DEBT OF HONOUR

By MAY
EDGINTON



"This can be cashed in two days," said Bobby. "I don't set eyes on you again or you on me!"

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

ANNA LAND, employed as forewoman at the Garnet Printing Works, London, has a sister Lucia, Mrs. Aveline, a woman twenty years older than herself, who has had three husbands and is rich in worthless possessions. Lucia is a restless, pleasure-loving; Anna, young, pure, idealistic, willing to sacrifice everything to self-expression, which in her case is music.

The managing director of the Garnet Works is Bertie Silver, a strong, saturnine individual, who loves Anna.

King Garnet, owner of the Garnet Works, meets Anna and displays interest in her. Silver is jealous. He has been secretly acquiring morocco, and one night he tells Anna that he has discovered he is old Garnet's son and heir by a former marriage, and that King Garnet is his half-brother and a pauper. He proposes to Anna that she will not accept him. Later, Silver meets Mrs. Aveline, who has been temporarily from the house which is now his. A mutual friend, Mabel Conway, takes Mrs. Garnet abroad. King Garnet sets himself to fight the battle of life, and becomes a success. He opens a small restaurant where Anna has been engaged to sing at five pounds a week. Lucia has a new admirer, Paul Bobby, whom Silver employs as his secretary, because he can get him useful introductions into society.

Later, Silver extracts from Anna a half-promise that she will allow him to pay the expenses of a song recital, and when King Garnet hears of it he is bitterly angry. He determines to get the money by the most simple and conclusive plan of borrowing it from Silver. At Silver's house he is received by Paul Bobby, who hints that he may be put in the way of getting the money without trouble.

A DARK BARGAIN.

AT ten-thirty King Garnet had reached his room, lighted the gas jet, and filled his pipe. All his senses were sharpened, his ears listened for a footfall; his eyes watched the door and barely wandered from it; he was quiet as the grave, with expectancy.

He sat there for fifteen minutes; when feet clicked on the carpeted stair; a knock fell on the door. He sprang up; called "Come in" and Paul Bobby entered.

They looked at each other, and Bobby nodded. He closed the door very quietly. He had the knack of closing doors without a sound, of moving almost without stirring the air. He was resolute and furtive at the same time. And there was a light in his cold black eyes.

"Expect me to be stern," he thought.

"I'm not strong-minded."

"Have a cigarette?" said Bobby, puffing his.

For a short while after the cigarettes were lighted there was silence between the two young men. It was not so much to hesitate as to deliberate on Bobby's part. He was again thinking his proposition over and weighing up his man. Suspense numbed King's tongue.

Quite suddenly Bobby got to work.

"Look here, you, Johnson. I suppose that's your name, but as you remarked, it will serve as well as any other. Answer my questions again. You have no down on Silver Garnet?"

"No," said Ling.

"Nor any held over him of any kind?"

"No."

"And you're right up in a tight place for £500?"

"I am."

"You'd do anything short of murder and arson to get it?"

"I would."

"Tried any particular way?"

"I've gone no further than looking around jeweller's windows."

"Ah!" said Bobby, with an air of satisfaction, "but you'd definitely got as far as that, had you?"

"Ever—done anything of that kind? In your line at all?"

That made King laugh, and his laughter caused his mere shake of the head to convince Bobby.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

"Well, he said, "you're desperate. I've got a ticklish job I want done quickly and quietly, and without any bungling. A ticklish animal is not really what I want; some dare-devil practical joker would really fill the part better. The risks are yours entirely. If you fail and get nabbed, I disown any connection with you, except I should speak of having had you a jolly sound for money. You've got to shoulder the danger and let me and my partner go safe. You understand? The pay's high—£500—and the work will take twenty-four hours at the outside." "I'm on it."

"Know Silver Garnet by sight?"

King Garnet claimed this knowledge casually.

"Now look here," said Bobby, his quiet voice growing somewhat staccato, and his eyes brighter. "Silver Garnet has to be kidnapped and lost as soon after dark to-morrow as it can happen."

"You ask me to kidnap Silver Garnet?"

"There's some kick to a job like that," King mused, and his heart felt lighter and more laughing than it had for three months. "Who's your man?"

"I can tell you enough to satisfy your curiosity," said Bobby, "but I don't propose to tell you more. There's no purpose in it, and the less you know the better. There's a certain important deal which I want a certain friend of mine—or rather a man who will become a friend of mine if I help him to what he wants—to pull off at his own figure; the figure he's prepared to offer as a piece of sound business. Any much higher figure would be preposterous. But there you are."

"Silver Grant is preposterous. He's going to offer me a sum which I know no man would come out with. Out of his sheer silly ignorance and conceit he does it, but it will bust the other fellow's scheme all the same. Do I explain clearly or do I not? You see, there will be two offers for this concern, and one will be Silver Garnet's, who will outbid any reasonable figure the other fellow offers."

"Get Silver out of the way, and the only offer going—which is a pretty fair one on the whole—will be taken. You get my meaning?"

"Absolutely. What's this particular business, then?"

"Films," said Bobby after a momentary hesitation. "No doubt you want to know a little about what you're asked to do. That's all right. I'll tell you something willingly. The immediate negotiations are for the sale of two picture houses. Big 'ums. I've told the managing director of the company concerned that I think I can work Silver Garnet."

"Where do you work?"

"I shall have a five-year contract at my own figures and get back into the work I love doing."

"Silver Garnet would give you a contract."

"That fool! He'd be broke in twelve months if he ever started on the game. He has money, but not enough. That's Silver all over. He can't imagine Croesus with a fuller purse than he's got. Yes, he'd break himself within twelve months. We're doing the same fool a service by keeping him. Not that kidnapping's exactly a lawful action, I'm afraid."

"Lawful action be blown! If that's all you want, I'll do it," said King Garnet from a buoyant heart. "And now we come to my end of the stick. Where and how do you pay over my five hundred?"

"I shall give you a post-dated cheque—restated by exactly two days from now—on the Sub-International Bank in King William-street.

If by the meanwhile Silver Garnet has made his deal and bought the Picture Houses by any ways or means, you'll find that cheque stopped."

KING SEES A WAY.

A DIVERSITY had sharpened King Garnet's wits. His trusting good-nature was a thing of the past. He knew the shifts and dodges, the twists and turns made by men to make and keep money; he had begun to guess that some men would rob their masters as gladly as they would lose a safe; or send the savings of the thousand widows and orphans to glory, to "bear" a mount with the rest to thunders.

"How do I know I won't find it stopped, anyway, as soon as it is written? How do I know I won't do your job and find myself a fool for my pains?"

Bobby was in no way discomposed.

"I'm not surprised it occurs to you. You'll find the money all right, because we prefer your silence to your speech, discredited as that speech would be."

"That's right," said Garnet. "But I tell you, if things are not O.K. two days from now, when I walk into that bank with the cheque, why, I'll speak. Speak! I'll roar! And little as you think it, I'll be believed."

"Rot!" said Bobby. "We're not out to do you. You'll draw your money fair and square. But rot about being believed! There's no mistaking a man on his uppers," his practical eye ran over the other "and that's what you're on." "You're not going to tell. You're somebody; you come from nowhere. You're nobody. I don't advise you to shout."

"That's where you're wrong," King Garnet returned. "I come from somewhere, pretty definite; and Silver Garnet would believe me."

For a few moments Bobby stared curiously and uncertainly. Then he remarked:

"All right. No need for all this rough stuff. I'm offering you high-priced job. You take it when you want it. Let me show you the picture you want to see."

He drew out a slim pocket-book of morocco, gold mounted, and from its few papers selected a folded cheque.

He spread it on the table.

"I brought it with me, you see. He—had indicated the signature—had an idea notes would be better. But I don't think it matters anyway. And I think you'd better not come calling round at 10 p.m. from you to-night; you tell me you the picture you want to see can be cashed in two days. I don't set eyes on you again or you on me. Understand?"

"I can't suppose we find any mutual pleasure in each other's society," King Garnet returned.

He took the cheque. It was fully made out and signed "J. Ogilvy."

"Thanks," he said. He put it away in an inner breast pocket. His head swam a little; his heart felt transcendentally light and elated. This was indeed only achievement, and that which would really be his, or, rather, Anna's. Bobby watched.

"How?" he asked, with the first uneasiness he had shown, "how do you propose to carry the thing out?"

"What are his movements to-morrow evening?"

"No engagements," said Bobby, "but I can arrange for him to dinner at my club. I'll find a reason. That'll be easy. We can get him out."

"What's the size of his chauffeur?"

"Big soft chair," said Bobby.

"Silver hasn't changed his liver'y?"

"No. He only renewed it, sprick and span. Can't help dropping money, Silver can't."

"Where's the old suit?"

"I suppose the fellow's got it, to sell, or do do as he likes with."

"Is he sleeping in the house still?"

"Yes."

"Is he in to-night?"

"No. Silver's dining with Lord Irvinghoe. The car'll be fetching him soon."

King Garnet bounded to his feet and made for the door.

Bobby reached it, too, realising that the business had begun.

"Here! You, Johnson! What are your plans?"

"I'll drive 'em to me. All you do is to see he goes out in his car to-morrow night, and that the chauffeur gets down to deliver a note somewhere specified before Silver gets out."

Bobby's mind ran like lightning along the track before it.

"He'll dine at his club; I'll fix up some guests there for him to-morrow morning; on the way he shall stop at the Senior Charlton to deliver a note or something to me."

"What's that? I'm necessary to you? Know the Senior Charlton? The chauffeur will have to go right inside the doors and speak to the hall porter; I'll see he has something definitely to speak about for Silver. Silver remains in the car."

"That's all I want. I'll be waiting near the Senior Charlton from seven-thirty."

"A moment, you Johnson! You're not to kill him. I'll be off to get in another mess."

"He shall be safe in a baby with his nurse. thought. Instead of dining at his club, after stopping at the Senior Charlton, can't you arrange for him to dine out at Regent's Park or Highgate or somewhere like that? Maida Vale?"

"For a few seconds Bobby's mind ran on. Then: "I'll fix him a dinner party at Hampstead. Lead that sort of thing to me. To-morrow night I shall dine with Sir Tom Framlingham or Julius Hepburn, the journalist, out at Hampstead. Leave it to me! I can work on Silver's mind like the wind bends trees."

But King Garnet had opened the door and was already half-way down the stairs. While Bobby still stood there, listening, he heard the sound of doors being far below.

He drew on a cold muffler, dusted his coat and looked round the narrow room a moment or two before he went out.

He had known it all by heart himself, before he learned the uses of rich women and vain men. He had not yet quite forgotten that one turned off the gas on every possible occasion. Mechanically he reached up and turned off King Garnet's flickering jet before he, too, went down into the street along the way by taxi, and then Silver paid for under the heading of "General Secretarial Expenses" to the Legion Club, where even now Lucia would be awaiting him after her evening at the theatre. She would give him a perfect supper.

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

Sample them-FREE!

CROWN AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Crown Toilet Dainties preserve the charm and freshness of youth. Their purity is guaranteed by skilled chemists, under whose expert supervision every product is prepared. We cordially invite you to test them for yourself entirely free of charge.

A SPECIAL OFFER.—To readers of the "Daily Mirror" we will send upon receipt of the coupon below (together with three penny stamp to defray in part the cost of postage), a booklet on "Crown Beauty" containing ten samples of this and its preparations, including Crown Vanishing Cream, Complexion Powder, Tooth Paste, Talcum Powder, etc., together with a 24-page Booklet entitled "Crown Aids to Beauty" containing a wealth of everyday hints on the care of the complexion.

Crown Vanishing Cream, a de-lightfully softening and refreshing lotion which imparts a velvety smoothness to the complexion and eradicates wrinkles.

Crown Talcum Powder, most refreshing and stimulating to the skin. For use after the bath in hot weather, ideal for removing perspiration.

Crown Tooth Paste, cleansing and refreshing, keeps the mouth in a delightfully clean condition. Imparts whiteness and a pearly lustre to the teeth.

Crown Complexion Powder, delicately perfumed Powder which adheres firm yet gives the softness of youth to the complexion. Applied after Crown Vanishing Cream it will be found absolutely invisible. In various tints for Blondes and Brunettes.



WOMEN OWNERS' HOLIDAY SUCCESSES

Doubles for Mrs. Whitburn and Mrs. Bendr. r.

PORT ROYAL THIRD.

Great Joy G ves G. Smith First Winner of Season.

Women owners played a very big part in the holiday racing at Hurst Park, Wolverhampton and Redcar yesterday. —Mrs. Whitburn's colours were successful on D'Orsay and Mink, and at Wolverhampton Mrs. A. Bendr also scored a double with Red Ronald and Campbell Kid. Chief features of the day were:

Racing—Port Royal was beaten by Set Off and The Hawk in the Holiday Handicap at Hurst Park, but his stable companion Orderly made amends in the Whitsuntide Handicap. G. Smith scored his first success of the season on Great Joy.

Cricket—Worcester beat Essex at Leyton by an innings and 11 runs, despite good batting by J. W. H. T. Douglas and P. Perrin. Hobbs was out for a "duck" against Notts.

MORE HOLIDAY RACING.

Hurst Park, Wolverhampton and Redcar Prospects.

By BOUVIER.

With the holiday spirit still abroad, Hurst Park, Wolverhampton and Redcar are assured of excellent patronage again this afternoon, and there is no sign that the racing will be a whit less interesting than it was yesterday.

At Hurst Park, Bell's Life has been sent in the hope that he will atone for his Kempton defeat in the Middlesex Handicap, but I have lost faith in him and much prefer the chance of Torlonia.

Petronella hardly looks good enough to win the Toy Stakes after her Newmarket failure, and

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

HURST PARK.	WOLVERHAMPTON.
1.30—GRANDEUR.	1.45—LADY FRANCES.
2.0—TIBET.	2.15—OSHKOSH.
2.30—VALLEY BECK.	2.30—SIR T. DUNVILLE.
3.0—TORTOLIA.	3.15—STEAMER.
3.30—SPES.	3.45—POTENTIAL.

REDCAR.	
1.30—VINKERJE.	1.30—JUST ONE.
2.0—LONE STAR.	2.0—JACKSDALE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

* TORTOLIA and SIERRA LEONE.

I am inclined to give Grandeur another chance to prove in public what he has already done at home—that he is one of the best youngsters owned by Lord Glandore.

Another winner at Chester, Rognut is expected to go close in the Pimlico Handicap, but still I am not sure that he will be seen to the same advantage over this right-handed track.

False Alarm will run well, but now that Spes has had the experience of winning a race I like her chance even better.

CONSULATION?

At Wolverhampton, in the Bradford Handicap, Sierra Leone is presented with an excellent opportunity of making amends for an unlucky defeat at Newmarket last week. Skias appears to be the chief danger.

Lady Dimples, well handicapped in the Wolverhampton Handicap, but she does not appear to be quite so good as last year, and may find one too good for her in Steamer.

Potential, a runaway winner at Newmarket, looks like scoring again in the Bushbury Plate, and Oshkosh should be capable of winning the Dunstall Plate for Sir Walter de Freece.

Moderate horses for the most part will provide the racing at Redcar, where Jacksdale appears as good as the next best in the Skerton Handicap.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

Ar davon will not run in the Wolverhampton Handicap to-day.

* * *

Galway Prince, second to Great Joy at Hurst Park yesterday, started at the unusual odds of 17 to 4 against.

* * *

Torlonia (Gardiner), Alignment (Lister) and Blazeron (Elliott) will be among the runners for the Middlesex Handicap.

* * *

Diligence has been struck out of the Manchester Cup, in which Beauregard will represent Mr. F. Hardy in preference to Happy Man.

* * *

Milewaker, by three lengths at Chester, and although Elliott cut down the distance to a head at Hurst Park yesterday, he scored every bit as easily as he had done on the Roodeyde.

* * *

Greenchesters, who has been purchased by Mr. J. Harris and is now trained by Hyams, runs in his new owner's colours in the Riverside Handicap at Hurst Park to-day and will be ridden by Lister.



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J. Beasley, the White Bow jockey, who has been transferred to Fulneck at Redcar yesterday.

HURST PARK FULL UP.

Harper Turns Out Three Winners at Wolverhampton.

Huge crowds enjoyed the holiday racing at Hurst Park, Wolverhampton and Redcar yesterday. At the Metropolitan meeting in particular the attendance was enormous, and it will not be surprising to learn that all records for the course were eclipsed.

With the exception of the two-year-old seller, eventually left to the mercy of Foreign Legion fields reached a nice average, and to the general satisfaction well-backed horses had quite a good innings.

Perfetta began the day in promising style by winning the Ferry Plate on Milewaker, but, expected to add to that success on Port Royal in the Holiday Handicap, got beaten into third place by Set Off and Tomahawk.

Port Royal was a bit unlucky at Chester, but no excuse can be made for yesterday's defeat. Set Off was in front from beginning to end, and won very comfortably.

A stable companion in Orderly made handsome amends for Port Royal's defeat by winning the Whitsuntide Handicap later in the afternoon. Judging by the business in the ring, the result was by no means unexpected in spite of the demand for Mouse Trap.

G. SMITH BREAKS HIS DUCK.

G. Smith, who carried all before him in the corresponding period last year, has not been one of the season's favourites this season. Almost incredible as it seems, Great Joy, in his first race, was beaten home by him a short head from Galaxy Prince. To the general surprise Perfetta was not saddled, and as a consequence the winner was a slight odds-on favourite.

Port Royal, with his trainer, had quite a field day at Wolverhampton, where Red Ronald and Campbell Kid brought off a double for Mrs. Bendr and Success upset the odds laid on Corporal in the Appenzeller.

Unlucky at Kepton recently, Humpty Dumpty was soundly backed to beat Campbell Kid in the Holiday Handicap, but even with Donoghue in the saddle this time he gave a lot of trouble, and again got beaten into third place. As he finished within a length and a half of the winner the defeat was most vexatious.

Sargon turned up for the Whitsuntide Handicap instead of waiting for Newmarket, and very easily showed that the season was only just begun.

Outsiders did all too well at Redcar, where Yorkshire stables provided five winners and Honeycombe came from Ayr to capture the Salthurn Handicap.

BOUVIER.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

News Items and Gossip About Men and Matters of the Moment.

Polo at Hurlingham.—At Hurlingham yesterday Hurlingham had a brilliant figure by a good showing.

Irish Charity Cup.—The final of the Northern, Lancashire, Cup, between Giltnoran and Crusaders, will be played at Cliftonville, Belfast, to-morrow, the L.F.A. special dispensation.

Record Golf Entry.—Fifty entries—the largest number since the war—have been received for the Irish Women's golf championship, which will commence at Portmarnock on Saturday, May 27.

Gups for Bowling.—The Earl of Durham, Lord Joicey and Mr. J. Wallace Taylor, of Sunderland, have presented silver cups to be contested among members of the Durham and Yorkshire Counties Bowls Association.

Spalla's Championship.—Frances Spalla, the Italian heavy-weight, beat the Dutch boxer Van der Veen on points in a twenty rounds boxing match at the Milan heavyweight championship of Europe.

Golfer's Father Drowned.—The body has been recovered from the River Wear of Frank Wingate, a member of the famous golfing family, who had been missing for some time. Frank Wingate had been missing for considerably time, and his body was found floating, apparently delli

ently fell into the water whilst walking along a narrow riverside path.

HANTS v. KENT—At Southampton.

Hants.—First Innings: 222.

Kent.—First Innings: 363; Wooley 80, Seymour 57, Ashdown 50, L. H. W. Treughton 35, Freeman 35, Hulme 20, Collins 25; Bowling: Boyes 4 for 65, Brown 3 for 64.

Irish League Second Division Plan Abandoned.—The Irish Football League have abandoned the proposal to form a Second Division.

WORCESTER VICTORIOUS.

Root Takes Six Wickets for 36—Lancash re's Bad Start.

Play proceeded yesterday in all the first-class cricket matches under generally favourable conditions. The surprise of the day was the innings defeat of Essex by Worcester at Leyton. At Lord's, where Hendren took his benefit, there was a crowd of about 12,000, whose disappointment was keen when the beneficiary, after scoring 100, was smartly tripped.

The Essex captain, J. W. H. T. Douglas, made a valiant attempt to recover the fortunes of his side, and played very patiently. Percy Perrin also scored well, but no other batsman was happy against the Worcester bowling. Root took six wickets for 30.

There was a lull after the first 15 overs, after which the early Lancashire batsmen had to proceed with caution against the Yorkshire bowling on a soft wicket. Macaulay dismissed both Makepeace and Trott, and the last man being finally taken by Sutcliffe. Hobbs was also in and found that he got both Ernest Tyldesley and J. R. Barnes caught. Middlesex opened shakily against Sussex, none of their batsmen but Lee being able to settle down to the bowling of Taylor, Bowley and Cox until Heene arrived. Lee, who had been 100, was 120 when Hobbs was out for 100, and Sutcliffe, who had been 100, was 120 when Hobbs was out for 100.

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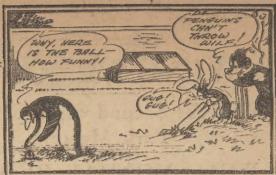
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Yachts competing in the Minima Club's open handicap at Kingston yesterday.

Up—and Down! See Amusing Pictures on Page 11.



A delightful adventure of—

HOW TO HEAD THE BALL IN CRICKET



Mr. Kaye Don, the racing motorists, stops a high ball with his "crash helmet" during an amusing cricket match between teams at Brooklands. Heading the ball is a cricket innovation that seems to call for armour.



GOLD VASE OF MOTORING.—Captain Campbell (left) passes another competitor during the exciting race yesterday for the Brooklands Gold Vase.



Miss D. Chambers (right) receives a presentation from the captain.

HONOURING WOMAN GOLF CHAMPION.—The winning by Miss Doris Chambers of the women's open golf championship has been celebrated in a novel manner at her club,

IN NEWS



128401
Sir Charles G. Ross, who has a book "Memoirs" tells the story of his discovery that conquered malaria.



129441
Mr. V. G. A. Scott, A.R.A., who has been awarded a gold medal by the Societe des Artistes Francais.

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN LONDON



The Zoo crowd was always thickest round the lions' cage.



A merry trio donkey-riding on Hampstead Heath.

London's holiday crowds were as thick as ever yesterday at the Zoo—where the lion still reigns as the king of attractions—and on happy Hampstead Heath.



Miss Chambers riding to the club-house on a decorated horse.

Wirral. After the new champion had made a ceremonial arrival at the club-house on a decorated cart-horse, she was presented with a dressing-case.